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THE NILE.



IN the discoveries of Captain Speke, the world has finally the solution of a question which has occupied monarchs, poets, and geographers, from time immemorial; and what Alexander the Great and Ptolemy Philadelphus in vain essayed, has been demonstrated in our age by one whose perseverance must ever command our admiration and respect.

Homer has described the Nile as a stream descending from heaven. Virgil appears to have fancied that it had its origin far in Asia. Pliny imagined that it sprang from a mountain in Lower Mauritania. The general impression, however, of later years, has been, that the mysterious and beneficent river, the holy Nile of the ancients, had its source in numerous

lakes among the mountains of the Moon, a few degrees north of the equator.

It has been personified in several statues, particularly in a very noble one of black marble, now in the Vatican. He (the Nile, personified) is distinguished by his large cornucopia, by the sphynx couched under him, and by the sixteen little children playing around him. By the sixteen children are understood the several risings of the Nile every year as far as to sixteen cubits. The black marble is said to be in allusion to the Nile's coming from Ethiopia. The waters flow down from under his robe which conceals his urn, to denote that the head of this river was impenetrable.

The Nile was venerated by the ancient Egyptians, and when its annual rising commenced they strewed its surface with lotus flowers, and performed various rites in honor of its mysterious powers and preternatural attributes.

Captain Speke has clearly shown us that the river has its origin in the head waters of Lake N'yanza, about 3° south of the equator. He describes its outlet from the lake as the most interesting sight he had seen in Africa. Here the river is about 400 or 500 feet wide, and breaks over falls about twelve feet deep.

He says: "The roar of the waters, the thousands of passenger fish leaping at the falls with all their might, the Wasoga and Waganda fishermen coming out in boats

and taking post on all the rocks with rod and hook, hippopotami and crocodiles lying sleepily on the water, the ferry at work above the falls, and cattle driven down to drink at the margin of the lake, made in all, with the pretty nature of the country, —small hills, grassy-topped, with trees in the folds, and gardens on the lower slopes, —as interesting a picture as one could wish to see."

He thus sums up his observations: "I saw, without any doubt, that old Father Nile rises in the Victoria N'yanza. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern as on the western side of the lake—if any thing, rather more. The most remote waters, *or top head of the Nile*, is the southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above two thousand three hundred miles.

"Now, from the southern point round by the west to where the *great Nile*-stream issues, there is only one feeder of any im-

portance, and that is the Kitangulé river, while from the southernmost point, round by the east to the strait, there are no rivers at all of any importance; for the traveled Arabs, one and all, aver, that from the west of the snow-clad Kilimandjaro to the lake where it is cut by the second degree, and also the first degree of south latitude, there are salt lakes and salt plains, and the country is hilly, not unlike Unyamôézi; but they say there were no great rivers, and the country was so scantily watered, having only occasional runnels and rivulets, that they had always to make long marches in order to find water when they went on their trading journeys."^{*}

Thus it has been left to this century, so fruitful in events, to lift the veil that has so long hung over the fountains of this celebrated stream. And for this we may truly thank Captain Speke and his faithfuls, and trust that, ere long, enterprising Americans and Europeans may fix trading-posts all along its banks to its source, and finally reveal to us all the secrets of Central Africa.

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES.

IT is not less interesting than instructive to note how many of the important discoveries made in science and elsewhere, have sprung not so much from deliberate inquiry as from accidental observation. As the traveler sometimes becomes hunter, not because he sets out for the chase or is on the lookout for game, but because the game starts up unexpectedly along his pathway and tempts him irresistibly to the pursuit, so the student, or even the day-laborer, has often turned out a splendid discoverer, in consequence of some unwonted and happy combination of circumstances, which arrested his attention and suggested the presence of a hitherto unknown principle; and which gave hints enough as to its real nature and value to awaken new interest and spur to thorough study. Everybody is familiar with the story that Sir Isaac Newton, happening,

while sitting under a tree, to witness the fall of an apple, was drawn by this trifling incident into a train of reflections which ended in his announcing the stupendous and universal law of gravitation—said to be the greatest achievement ever attained in the sphere of scientific investigation. This account, though often doubted because it seemed to detract somewhat from the dignity of Sir Isaac's work and genius, has, after careful examination by competent authority, been ascertained to be strictly true. But it is not so well known that the discovery of animal, now called dynamic, electricity, by Luigi Galvani, in 1768, was greatly due to an accidental circumstance. He had been experimenting upon the legs and spine of a frog, with a view of obtaining, if possible, some sign of

* Speke's "Africa," published by the Harpers-

the presence and influence of atmospheric electricity. Failing utterly in this, and probably afflicted with feelings of disappointment, he was in the act of removing the parts of the frog, when these coming into contact with different metals (iron and copper), became lively with muscular activity; thus showing him by *chance*, and to his infinite surprise and delight, the very signs of the presence of electricity, which he had been at great pains to induce from another source, and had looked long and anxiously for in vain. He now began a new series of experiments, and soon the news of their success and strangeness startled the whole civilized world. The ponds were fished for frogs, until this innocent race of animals was well-nigh exterminated, such was the curiosity of everybody to witness their fantastic jerkings and kickings and almost jumpings, in obedience to Galvani's currents. The additional investigations of Volta and the construction of his celebrated "pile" immediately followed, and all the rest, by a multitude of others and of the most extensive kind, came in due time. To so slight a circumstance, and so accidental, are we indebted for one of the grandest triumphs of this or any age! Think of it! In that frog's legs, and the copper hook upon which they hung, and the rude iron bar near by, the imaginative student can see the first small but wonderful battery, out of which, as ten thousand blossoms spring up from some ever fruitful germ, run a countless number of telegraphic wires, which belt the earth in every direction, and are the news-carriers to all lands; and also that other countless number of medicinal wires which are to-day winding themselves around, oh! how many patients, infusing into their diseased forms new currents of vigor, health, and life!

Again: it was mere accident, viz, the opening of a hole in a piston-rod, by which cold water flowed into a cylinder of steam beneath, that taught Capt. Thomas Savery, an engine-builder, a new, quick, and effective method of condensation, and led to gigantic improvements in the application of steam to every branch of industry.

The art of making glass, we are told by Pliny, "was accidentally discovered by

some merchants, who were traveling with nitre. They stopped near a river issuing from Mount Carmel, and not finding any thing to rest their kettles on, they used some of their pieces of nitre for that purpose. The nitre, gradually dissolving by the heat, mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which was, in fact, glass."

The silver mines of Potosi were found by a lad, who, while helping himself up the mountain side, chanced to pull up a small shrub, and seeing specks of glittering ore dangling among its roots, he picked them out, and, struck with their beauty, carried them home, not knowing what they were. Not long afterward, thousands of mines branched out to the right and left, up and down, from this little one so fortuitously opened, until the huge mountain was literally honey-combed, and the treasures of the old world were filled with its despoiled wealth.

Without multiplying illustrations, enough have been adduced to show how often apparent accidents—which, however, the Christian rightly names happy Providences—have been prolific of the most magnificent and far-reaching results in the domain of science.

The same thing is true in the sphere of invention and the arts. When, sometimes, there seems to be an exception, *i. e.*, when the discoverer has been able to frame a pretty clear conception of the path he is to follow, as was the case with Columbus, it will still be found, upon closer inspection, that he reached not the object aimed at, but another kindred and generally a greater one. The renowned Genoese sailor himself did not succeed in realizing the conception and fond anticipations with which he weighed anchor and committed his fortune to the seas. It was his purpose, by steering Westward, to mark out a passage to the spice islands and golden coasts of the East Indies. The knowledge of such a passage, it was justly thought, would throw the commerce of the world into a new channel, and be productive of the largest benefits to the maritime States lying along the Atlantic. This passage was precisely what he did not

find; and though, after coming upon land, he searched for it in vain among the West India islands and along the South American coast, through many stormy and disastrous scenes, he yet died under the illusion that it would show itself to some more fortunate navigator, and without knowing that he had stumbled, as it were, into the illustrious achievement of discovering an altogether New World.

Two points of instruction grow out of these facts.

First: a proper consideration of them ought both to moderate our expressions about the essential dignity, the glorious greatness of human nature; and to lower the proud, self-adulatory style with which science often puts forward her claims. When we see her votaries, with unseemly haste and unblushing egotism, marshalling their "facts" (too often falsely so called) against well established theological truths and the sacred edicts of inspiration, let us look back to their accidental successes and ask—

"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he hath grown so great?"

The proudest masters of science are indeed mindful of all that a happy arrangement of circumstances, formed without any agency of their own, and the labors of others, have done for them, and are therefore exceedingly modest in their pretensions. Sir Isaac Newton used to say, "that he saw further than other men only because he stood upon the shoulders of the giants who had worked before him;" and again, "that light finally dawned out of a subject upon him, not so much from his possessing any original superiority, as from his keeping the subject longer and more earnestly than others before his mind." His was an example which might oftener be profitably, and, in the end, creditably imitated.

Second: the above facts teach us that the highest attainments lie very near and open to the close and thoughtful observer. The world is full of the richest gifts for him who walks through it rightly using his eyes and ears. The difficulty with a majority of mankind is, that their minds are either preoccupied with petty and ut-

terly unworthy schemes of life, which blind them to wonderful things, which would otherwise be clear as a sunbeam; or, aspiring to do something great, they neglect the best materials, which are near at hand, for their undertaking, and go searching the distant heavens and earth around for something better in vain. It is said that Raphael had been long looking through Europe for models which might serve to enable him to present upon canvas a perfect conception of the Madonna and child, when, at last, returning to his own home discouraged, he came by chance upon the very scene which he had been at such pains to turn from and look for everywhere else. A peasant woman sat under an arbor holding her babe, while another of her children came up bringing some trifling offering. The painter caught up a barrel-head that lay upon the ground at his feet, and sketched the figures thus unwittingly presented. From this sketch was finished afterward one of his greatest pictures. It is indeed the characteristic of genius, that it is always alive to seize the suggestions and means to grand performances in the things by which it is daily surrounded. The common man will blunder through golden opportunities, and remain a dolt to the last. A true genius, with apparently nothing whatsoever to aid it, will be continually exploring new and fruitful realms of knowledge; growing wise upon accidents, strong upon obstacles, and braiding a wreath of immortal fame for his own brow, without consciously striving for it.

THE chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

MINDS, like growing fruit, should mellow as time advances; but more frequently, estranged from what is proper to them, like fruits prematurely plucked, they rot into a semblance of ripeness.

MEN talk of victory as if it were something fortunate. Work is victory. Wherever work is done, victory is attained.

FAMILIAR PAPERS.

II.

A VERY tender-hearted person must feel half inclined to cry when he reads that cruel notice, which may be seen posted up in nearly all the ferry-boats plying between New York and the neighboring shores:

"BEGGARS AND STROLLING MUSICIANS ARE NOT ALLOWED ON THIS BOAT."

These words must shock a very sensitive nature, and they have, doubtless, effectually destroyed the principal, if not the only, source of pleasure afforded in these boats to one who is frequently obliged to cross the waters that separate the great metropolis from the mainland. There was a time when this edict had not gone forth, and it is not yet everywhere promulgated. How, and where, did it originate, and what is its purpose? Has some one recently discovered that it is a sin to beg, or to sing a ballad? Or have our ferries fallen into the hands of stern, hard-breasted men, who can not tolerate any thing that is likely to awaken in them feelings of mercy? Or have mean, close-fisted persons complained of these poor creatures, and caused their expulsion? For my own part, I see no good reason for banishing them from our ferry-boats. They occupy but very little room, and furnish subjects for most profitable reflection. For the eye, they are not, to be sure, the most agreeable objects in the world, and yet they are not so disagreeable, after all, to one who looks at them from a proper stand-point. Call to mind, for example, that hale, grizzly-bearded man, with the limbs and sinews of a Titan, who was wont, years ago, to make one of our ferry-boats the theatre of his business operations. What perfection of form was his, and what strength and grace were displayed in all his movements! When the bell sounded, and the boat left its moorings, he used to rise from his seat by the door, and, carrying in his left arm a little boy whose limbs were withered and useless, placed his right hand in the grasp

of a tiny girl, who contrived to supply the light too evidently wanting in his upturned eyeballs. Painful as was the sight thus presented, there was a charm about it that could not be resisted, and there were lessons in it that the most giddy-minded could not fail to learn and to remember. How comparatively useless was that great brawny arm, that could have swept down a dozen mortals at a single blow! and how obedient those great limbs to the touch of the tiny hand that guided them! Here was a giant at the mercy of a little child; here was one pair of young eyes responsible for the safety of three human beings; here were parental and filial affection, mutual confidence, mutual love, mutual aid! The lessons taught by this wretched trio were worth a hundred times more than any one ever paid for them, but I suppose the managers of that ferry company have brought them to an end.

Who can be offended by, and what harm can possibly result from, the toleration of beggars and strolling musicians in our large public conveyances? Peanut, apple, and orange-sellers, together with the venders of the most trashy novels, are not only countenanced, but hands are even employed to sweep up the filth that attends the sale and consumption of their wares. These persons are by no means nuisances, for they contribute, in their way, to the consolation of the weary and the listless traveler. But more may be said for the beggar. Without being a tax upon the companies who transport him, he furnishes food for reflection, and cultivates by his presence the noblest instincts of humanity. Unfortunate being, whom nature, or accident, or the shock of the tempest, or the crash of arms, has mutilated and rendered unserviceable in any of the walks of life, he stands before us an example of patience, of humility, and fortitude. He claims only a mite of our substance, and, in return, magnifies the happiness of our own condition, by constraining us to admit it to be preferable to his.

It may be that beggars are not all poor. What of that? For all that we give them

we are repaid tenfold, in the reflection that we have satisfied an apparent claim upon our sympathy. Let them even grow rich upon the alms which they receive; but let us consider that they, even like ourselves, may find it impossible to give up long-cherished habits, and, like us, may even deceive themselves into the belief that the more they have the more they need. It may be that they are impostors, that their sores are paint, that their swellings are cotton, their distortions shams, their starving children myths. What of that? There are such things as sores, swellings, distortions, and starving children, of which we should, perhaps, never be able to form an idea, without the aid of skillful actors; and if we do nothing for the hundreds of real sufferers around us, we deserve to be cheated, now and then, by the unworthy.

It is difficult to understand how a man can deliberately refuse a penny to a beggar; and yet it is often done under circumstances that excite compassion towards the one party and hatred towards the other. A penny seems so small a thing to refuse; and, perhaps, a moment afterwards, it is thrown away. Evidently the refusal is not always prompted by a belief that the applicant is a deceiver. To what then can it be attributed? It is unpleas-

ant to give utterance to the only solution of the question that presents itself, namely: some persons can never part with any thing except for value received; and to them the value of a good act is estimated not by the satisfaction felt in its performance, but by the praise which it elicits from others. Such persons will give hundreds of dollars to see their names paraded in the public prints, and, at the same time, will turn fiercely from their doors the starving beggar who has not the power to make any return for what he asks.

To sweep beggars from our streets, or even from our public conveyances, would be to deprive us of some of the most exquisite pleasures of life. Let them alone. Give them room upon the most crowded thoroughfares. Assign places to them at the most frequented corners, and in the parks and pleasure-grounds, where gayety and fashion are most abounding. Their appeals are to our common nature. In them we see what we ourselves might, under other circumstances, be; and, while they afford us opportunities to exercise the noblest of virtues, they constantly remind us of the magnitude of the debt which we owe to that Providence which has made our lot so much more desirable than theirs.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

THE voyage of life is always commenced under a fair sky and amid favorable breezes; and the bark, no matter how shabby in appearance, starts off gallantly upon the broad ocean that lies before it. For every craft, however, on the surface of that great sea, no matter how strong, no matter how weak, there will come tempests and fogs, and false reckonings. From the starting point to the journey's end, the genius of the storm marks every adventurer as his prey, and the whole voyage seems a ceaseless struggle with adversity. But what a difference we find between individuals, of the innumerable host of fellow-travelers around us! Some bear the

rudest shock, not with mere composure, but with a laugh of mockery, dashing along, repairing damages with a merry song, and cheering their struggling comrades; others groan and tremble if smitten by the most insignificant flaw, and are ready to sink hopelessly to the bottom, if the waves will only leap up and cover them. "They die a thousand deaths in fearing one."

It has been well said, that "life is war, eternal war 'gainst woe;" but not unfrequently the woes against which we combat, like Falstaff's men in buckram, are very harmless. If we were perfectly happy in this world, we should falsify the curse pro-

nounced upon fallen man. Still we may fulfil the conditions of our wretched state, and yet be far more comfortable than we are. Of all the contrivances by which we insure misery, there is, perhaps, none more efficient than mistrust. Friendship and love, which lie at the bottom of all happiness, are injured and destroyed by it; and he who indulges in it is a pest to himself and to the circle in which he moves. Human nature can not always present the same aspect; but for this fact no allowance is ever made by the suspicious man. He watches incessantly the countenance of his friend; he tries experiments to test the sincerity of his attachment, and requires continued proof that there is no alteration of feeling towards him. If he ascertain that his wrongs are wholly imaginary, he will substitute something in their place, unhappy, as it would seem, at being deprived of a source of wretchedness.

If we can not be entirely happy here, we can, at least, do something to mitigate the evils of life; and nothing can, perhaps, accomplish more for us in this way than

truth. Appearing to be what we are not, whether richer or poorer, more learned or unlearned, is sure to work out for us the reverse of our anticipations. Falsehood affords no pleasure except in its conception. The moment we cease to be cheated by it ourselves, it becomes a burden and a curse; and he is an imbecile who finds it otherwise. Manual or mental labor is never hard, except when its fruits are not commensurate with our wants; and they are always commensurate unless our wants are exaggerated by our follies. Then it is we fancy our condition in life is not what it should be, and that happiness lies in the very paths which we have declined to take. If we would make the voyage of life at all pleasant; if we would pass unharmed through tempests and fogs; if we would avoid bad reckonings and collisions, let us set forth with true papers, and never be caught sailing under false colors. We shall then find no enemies upon the broad ocean, and to our port of destination we shall receive a hearty welcome.

IS IT A TIME?

Gehazi reproved—"Is it a time?" etc.—2 KINGS, v. 26.

IS it a time to slumber, then,
And turn upon our beds again,
When every moment crackle nigher
The wrathful demons of the fire;
Or when they at our chamber door,
Like hungry wolves, impatient roar?

Is it a time, when tempests sweep
The angry surges of the deep,
And shattered mast and riven sail
Proclaim the fury of the gale,
To trifle with our latest breath,
And revel in the jaws of death?

Is it a time to scheme for gold,
When hands have lost the power to hold;
To cheat and chaffer, buy and sell,

When on the crumbling verge of hell ;
To barter heaven for worldly gain,
And endless bliss for endless pain ?

Is it a time for foolish mirth,
When God rebukes the sons of earth ;
Sends famine, pestilence, or sword
On those who would not hear His word ;
Casts down the mighty as Him suits,
Plucking up kingdoms by the roots ?

Is it a time for party strife,
When foes assail the Nation's life ;
For idle wrangle and debate,
When bleeds at every pore the State ;
For cries of peace, when Right, too strong,
Becomes an overmatch for Wrong ?

Is it a time to slur and shame
Others who bear the Christian name ;
Insulting say, with haughty brow,
"Stand by, I'm holier than thou !"
Exalt the Church, as if she were
Not made for man, but man for her ?

The meek of every name may boast
The adoption of the Holy Ghost,
And lift an unpresuming eye
To God, and Abba, Father, cry.
Therefore, by Church be understood
A high and holy brotherhood.

In faithful league let all unite,
And serve the Lord with all their might :
Compared with love, count names but dross :
Drawn by th' attractions of the Cross,
In peaceful circles round it run,
Like planets moving round the sun.

Our lives, they pass and leave no mark—
The lightning's flash across the dark—
The keen swift moments quickly sever
The slender thread—we drop forever.
Is it a time our ease to take,
With an eternity at stake ?

A. C.

WAR, A CIVILIZER.

WAR, like every other great question, has its two sides, and as it may be viewed from one or the other of these, will it be regarded as fruitful of either evils or blessings. If arraigned upon charge of the superficial and temporary effects it produces, it must stand condemned at the bar of humanity and progress. These effects can hardly be drawn in too dark and sombre colors. What with the idleness of the camp, breeding almost nothing but vices; with the lawlessness of the march, on which the soldier is encouraged to appropriate and wantonly to destroy another's property—acts which elsewhere are deemed criminal, and which anywhere can not but tend to blunt the moral sensibilities; with the ferocious and bloody encounters of battle, so cruelly opposed to the sensitive and ennobling feelings of human nature; with the frightful scenes of mangled and slaughtered men, which, by their frequent recurrence, do much to rob life of its sanctity, and despoil the heart of its tenderness;—war must be confessed to exert a woefully demoralizing influence upon those directly engaged in it: while its absorption of a people's interest and energies in such an exhaustive business, must render them unusually indifferent to the culture of education, religion, and certain other elements of civilization. In this view alone—and it is one that ought sometimes to be presented, as it recently was in this magazine, for the purpose of arousing the friends of education to renewed activity,—war is an unmitigated curse. It seems, like some horrid spirit, to rise, in obedience to the incantations of wicked human monsters, from a hell of wretchedness and despair, and to walk through the land, desolating beautiful farms, burning villages, slaying thousands, wringing the wail of bereavement from countless homes, multiplying many dark forms of sin, and, in short, bringing down the brakes with awful suddenness and force upon the wheels of the car of progress, just as it appeared to be most splendidly advancing.

But there is another stand-point, thank God, from which this subject may be viewed, viz., that of the historian, and from which are seen the grand underlying and permanent effects consequent upon the gloomier ones portrayed above. War, thus contemplated, appears, on the whole, whatever exceptions may be urged to the contrary notwithstanding, to be a great purifier and regenerator of the world. And as in the case of purifying the metal mirror of a telescope, the process is not all pleasant, nor the mirror beautiful while it is all besmeared under the scouring-brush with soap and sand, but, as the results of the process are truly admirable, empowering the mirror, by its clear and polished surface, to reflect the eternal stars, and to hand down heavenly wisdom to the beholder—so the cleansing ordeal of war is always disagreeable, and the nation passing through it will be covered with blood and dust; but precisely, in this way, are oftentimes its institutions fitted to catch the image of such divine things as liberty, justice, truth, and to multiply for a grateful people the blessings of a heaven-born civilization.

In certain wars, even of extermination, the world has been greatly the gainer. By that one, for example, waged by Israel against the tribes of Canaan, idolatry, with its gigantic forms of sin, full of enticements, and to the last degree corrupting, was brought to an end. Had it been let alone, by sparing the people in whom it seemed necessarily to inhere, it would have scattered its prolific seeds until the chosen race, and at last the whole earth, had been overshadowed with darkness and made ready for judgment. What if the slaughter was awful: "It is better," says a philosophic thinker, not a bigoted theologian, "that the wicked should be destroyed a hundred times over than that they should tempt those who are as yet innocent to join their company. Let us but think what might have been our fate, and the fate of every other nation under heaven, at this hour, had the sword of the

Israelites done its work more sparingly." Surely there can be no hesitation in deciding whether it were better that the idolator should die, that the true worshiper might live to transmit to all mankind a pure and holy religion; or that the idolator should live, to ensnare the worshiper, and thus to rob the world of its only eternal hope. The war of extermination, too, carried on by the early settlers against the American savages, has resulted in freeing a whole continent from the grasp of ignorance, sloth, and cruelty; and, in opening to a great people realms inexhaustibly rich in all the elements of a high civilization, where is the man who, however much he may inveigh against the injustice of exterminating the Indian, would dare, if he could, to deprive the world of the fruits which, by that act, found space wherein to grow and ripen? Where the man who, putting a torch to the school-house, and hall of law, and church; who, tearing away every line of commerce, and demolishing every comfortable dwelling; who, repairing every mark of the white man's axe in the forest, and of the white man's plough in the field; who, banishing forever the white man back to the old world—would dare, if gifted with omnipotence he could, to clothe this continent with endless woods again, and to fill them with wild beasts, in order that the red man might have a home, and remain undisturbed always in his vagabond idleness and brutal cruelty? The act of extermination is not, observe, justified, only it is claimed that the results of it have been so overruled as to contribute to the development of the best civilization the world has yet seen.

Nor is it, in general, otherwise, with regard to civil war. Terribly dark as the immediate features of such a war must ever be, yet, if we consider it as "national surgery,"—a phrase which Carlyle fitly employs in describing Cromwell's career in Ireland,—straightway gleams of hope and encouragement enliven the picture. Suppose some huge wrong, like a hideous tumor, is growing on the body politic; suppose it is rapidly deepening and spreading its roots, and is thus not only marring the national beauty, but is feeling its way

with deadly venom to the very fountains of the national life;—is it not better, far better, that the surgical knife of war should come to the rescue, than that the loathsome disease should be left to continue its ravages until, at last, the nation, sapped in joint and limb of moral purpose, crazed in heart and brain with corrupt influences, should die outright? No doubt the operation will be dreadful. It will cause awful twinges of pain, and much shrieking, and be followed with faintness and exhaustion; but then it will bring sound health and new life—a life destined, perhaps, to be ever after glorious, because it will move in feet swift to overtake the evil-doer, in hands strong to uphold the weak, and in a tongue eloquent for the right.

Many a nation, when every other remedy was unavailing to save it from decline, has risen, regenerated by this very surgery, to the foremost place of its age; where it exhibited the inspiring example of living to maintain higher principles, and to bestow upon its citizens richer blessings. The course of the Netherlands, in the sixteenth century, affords us a splendid illustration here. They had either to disown their religion, and surrender their chartered liberties, or to defend these by force of arms against Philip II., their own exceedingly powerful sovereign. Had they accepted the former alternative, they must have sunk into the same servile and spiritless condition which characterized the other provinces of Spain, and caused them to hang as dead, rather than living, members upon the body of the empire; but, appealing with dread earnestness to the sword, though it bathed their land in the blood of an unparalleled civil war, they came forth, after many years of heroic suffering, no longer bowing to a scepter, but a united republic, crowned with independence, and triumphant in the love of a free faith and free citizenship, and asserting a claim to lofty greatness which history has been proud to grant. It was by raising the banner of civil war, also, that the English people, so long driven under the yoke by the Norman conquerors, wrested "*Magna Charta*"—that renowned "charter of rights and liberties"—from

King John; it was by civil war again, carried to such a remorseless height, that the very throne was converted into an executioner's block, and ran with the royal blood of Charles I., that they maintained this charter; it was yet again by civil war that they snatched it once more from the tyrannical grasp of James II., and, chasing him from his kingdom, an exile, gave his scepter to another, who solemnly swore and was always careful to preserve it inviolate. And this very charter, the child, as we have seen, of civil feuds, grew thus, according to Macaulay, to become the mother not only of the great English constitution, but of all free constitutions since born anywhere into the world. And need we remind the reader of the stupendous and beneficent results which flowed from our own revolution—also a civil war; of how it lifted the crown of sovereignty from George III., and put it on the head of every American citizen; of how it organized thirteen little dependent colonies into a free and powerful nation; of how it made that nation a blessed asylum for the oppressed of all lands; and, finally, of how it paved the way for it to run a career of unexampled prosperity, in winning for its people fairest territories, and in loading them with richest gifts.

It might not be difficult, perhaps, to show, upon a lengthened review, that civilization is indebted for her most glorious victories—those that have been decisive of the fate of mankind—more to the iron blows of war than to the gentle arts of peace.

Illustrations enough, however, have been adduced to cheer us with the hope that our present civil war, waged by us in defence of the right, will be productive of good—great good—because of its high and lasting nature. Let us analyze a little this good. Its first element is an exalted self-sacrificing patriotism. To keep alive such a principle, and to intensify it into a generous, absorbing, and undying passion, is a boon for which any country can hardly pay too high a price. It is the foundation rock upon which every thing great and valuable in public character is built. No nation can ascend a single step in the scale of happiness and

power but by its inspiration; and once robbed of it, the happiest and most powerful nation must crumble into fragments, to become the prey of anarchy and tyranny. Egypt sinks lowest when, with shameless indifference as to who her governor is, or what his oppressions, she utters her proverb: "No matter if the monkey rules; dance *contentedly* before him." France rises highest, in strength at least, when her subjects say in boundless enthusiasm: "There is no country in all the world like France, and no city in all France like Paris." Patriotism is the conservator of a country's jewels, her defender against aggressors, her guardian of civil law and order, her restless guide to progress and to glory. But it is not a cheap principle. Like that Divine grace which is said most to thrill and exalt the martyr's soul when his body is wrapped in flame, this kindred gift of heaven falls in largest measure upon a people when their heads are bowed in suffering. Who of us does not already cherish a deep, self-sacrificing affection, never before known, for these institutions of ours, for the preservation of which such vast treasures are being lavished, and such precious blood shed. And the story of how over a million youths left the selfishness of gain, and the narrowness of a private lot, to lay their lives on the country's altar; of how thrice a million homes wept for their dead and murmured not, but glorified their memories, because they died heroically in defence of a holy cause;—such a story, told from generation to generation, and always inspiring the children to public devotion, and an unquenchable love of national honor, will surely be something of a reward for the present ills endured.

A second element of good is, that this war, by abolishing slavery, will remove the only great question of discord that apparently ever could arise to destroy us. This, as some one has happily expressed it, was the pebble in the cog-wheel of government, which, unless taken out in time, would, in the end, break the whole machinery beyond the possibility of repair. But, besides securing our future safety, the settlement of this question carries the priceless boon of freedom to a numerous and hitherto oppressed race. And what a

train of blessings follow after freedom! It furnishes abundant means for the development of the best manhood,—opening fields of untrammelled labor for the supply of the possessor's wants, the school-house for the enlightenment of his mind, and the church for the salvation of his soul. Even though the blacks should fall in part to realize these blessings, yet the justice of giving them a fair chance will be ours. It is not, however, the slave alone that is to be benefited—the whole* people and land of the South will be regenerated. As fast as the rebellion is driven from the soil, a new population appears, intermingling with the old, and bringing new methods of agriculture and higher ideas of education. Already plantations, which formerly produced little or nothing above the cost of working them, now pay every laborer handsome wages, and fill the proprietor's hand, also, with an enriching surplus. Already hundreds of new schools are in successful operation, and, as a proof of the desire for knowledge springing up in the Southern States, it may not be out of place to state, that Publishers of school-books are now doing a business, in supplying them with text-books and maps of every description, never anticipated. A new South, no longer kept down by an imperious aristocracy, blessed with a scientific agriculture, and educated even to every child of her masses, will be compensation enough for all the trials of this hour.

Another element of good growing out of our troubles, and which ought by no means to be overlooked, is the prayer and faith which they call into highest exercise. It is generally conceded, by godless writers even, as well as devout, that that nation is likely to live the longest and fare the best, whose sense of the Divine presence in the management of public affairs is the keenest. Judged by this standard, the promise of durability and happiness for the great Republic has never been better than it is to-day. Never was there such a turning to God for help, never such a calm trust in Him as to the final issue, as have of late characterized both rulers and people. We believe that we shall succeed, not so much because we are mighty in means, as because we are right in purpose, and God is on the side of the right. Such a high belief, and so grandly cherished by their ancestors, will ever be reminding posterity of the true source of greatness, and calling them to the practice of that righteousness which, even from a worldly stand-point, exalteth a nation.

In view, then, of so many high and lasting elements of civilization springing forth from this war, may we not gather new hope, and send our armies to the field, teaching them to chant as their battle-hymn David's song, "Blessed be the Lord which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight?"

WAR.

RIGHTEOUS He, who, while He pities,
Still retains His dreadful rod!
Wasted fields and ruined cities
Own War's voice, the voice of God.

Chance no battle e'er decided:
War's great game is watched on high;
And, for victory provided,
RIGOR e'er throws a loaded die.

Oft a prey to mean devices,
Showing, too, full many a scar,

Still, Humanity arises,
Crowned with glory, greater far.

God's work to perfection speeding,
Speeds, hath sped, in endless strife;
Man, or State, its course impeding,
Is erased the book of life.

Lo, the battle-field all gory!
Though it be a fearful sight,
Still it tells a pleasant story:
"God is on the side of RIGHT!"

[DIALOGUE.]

HUMORS OF THE DRAFT.*

CHARACTERS.—CAPT. PICKHARD, *Provost Marshal*; DR. BUBBLEBROKE, *Examining Surgeon*; CORPORAL SYNDERS; DANIEL FEARING (very deaf); MOSES BLINKER; ZEBEDEE MAKEPEACE; DENNIS MULLEARY.

(CAPT. PICKHARD and DR. BUBBLEBROKE seated at a table, on which are paper, pens, etc. CORPORAL SYNDERS, *Sentinel, at the entrance.*)

Capt. P. Well! Doctor, it is nine o'clock, and I suppose we must commence the labors of the day.

Dr. B. I am ready, though it grieves me, as a lover of my country, to observe the tremendous physical deterioration of the people. I verily believe there is not an able-bodied man in this district.

Capt. P. I don't believe there is: but, Doctor, you have always said that drafts are fatal to health; I believe you were right. Corporal, admit the first applicant.

(Enter DANIEL FEARING.)

Capt. P. Your business, sir?

Daniel. Hey?

Capt. P. What do you want?

Daniel. Speak a little louder, Cap'n; I'm very deaf.

Capt. P. Oh, are you? (*speaking louder.*) What is your business here?

Daniel. Can't hear, Cap'n; I'm very deaf.

Capt. P. (*Very loud.*) What is your business here?

Daniel. Oh, I come to git exempted; couldn't hear the order, you see.

Capt. P. How long have you been deaf?

Daniel. About five feet seven in my stockin' feet.

Capt. P. How long have you been deaf?

Daniel. Barnstable, down on the Cape.

Capt. P. Poor man! He can't hear a word I say. Corporal Synders!

Corp. S. (*Walking forward, with military salute.*) Sir?

Capt. P. Jam your bayonet into that man's right ear, and see if you can't open a passage through. (*Daniel edges off.*) You can hear that. Retire, Corporal. (*Very loud.*) How long have you been deaf?

Daniel. In Californy.

Dr. B. No use, Captain. Let me examine his ears with this instrument.

Capt. P. None so deaf as those that won't hear.

* From "Student and School-mate," by permission.

Dr. B. (Ordinary voice.) The ear is a very interesting and curious structure, Captain. If this man is really deaf, as I have no doubt he is, the tympanum has become hard and tough, like a piece of sole-leather. Now, Captain, I'm going to stick this instrument into his ear (*Daniel shrugs his shoulders, and shakes his head*), and if the tympanum is hard, it won't hurt him; if in its natural state, the instrument will go through it, and let his brains out through the ear. Don't you see, Captain?

Capt. P. Yes, I see. (*Laughing.*)

The Doctor walks up to Daniel, with the instrument in his hand.

Daniel. See here, Doctor, are you going to gouge me with that air thing? (*Retreating.*)

Dr. B. I thought you were deaf.

Daniel. H—e—y?

Dr. B. (Dropping on one knee, and feeling of Daniel's knees.) I thought so, Captain.

Capt. P. What did you think, Doctor?

Dr. B. Do you see this man's knee? It's of no use to examine his ears any more. He is exempt.

Capt. P. Why, what is the matter with him?

Dr. B. Auscultation of the right knee; also, *prolapsus patella*. Oh, he's exempt.

Daniel. I'm very glad to hear it.

Dr. B. Then you *did* hear it?

Daniel. Well—I did. If I've got the colapsus—what d'ye call it, I 'spose I'm exempt.

Dr. B. This man will answer, Captain.

Daniel. Didn't you say—

Dr. B. But I was only examining your ears. I find they are all right.

Capt. P. You will report forthwith for duty. Corporal, show him out.

Daniel. See here a minute, Cap'n—

Capt. P. Pass him along, Corporal, and admit the next.

(*Corporal Synders removes him, and admits Moses Blinker, who appears to be nearly blind, somewhat intoxicated, and feels his way in with a cane.*)

Capt. P. Your name, sir.

Moses. Moses Blinker.

Capt. P. What is the matter with you?

Moses. I'm—hic—I'm almost blind!

Dr. B. Spiritually blind!

Capt. P. How long have you been blind?

Moses. (Staggering a little.) Ever since the great blow that—

Capt. P. Oh, you mean ever since the draft.

Moses. No, sir! I dzont mean—hic—no such thing. Ever since the great blow that carried away Minot Ledge Light-house. I got cold in my eyes that day, and been most blind ever since.

Capt. P. Blind drunk, you mean?

Moses. No, sir! I dzont mean no such thing. I never was drunk in my life. No, sir! (*Walks and falls over chair.*) But I'm patriotic, sir. Yes, sir, I am. It is a—hic—it's a good cause, 'n I'd like to fight for my country. Yes, sir! I'd like to be a Jigadier Brineral—don't ye dzee? but I've lost my eyesight, and can't go. That's the whole of it.

Dr. B. Did you mind what time it was when you came in?

Moses. No, sir!

Dr. B. What time is it now?

Moses. Dzont know, sir.

Dr. B. Look at the clock and see.

Moses. Can't see, sir.

Dr. B. Let me see your eyes. (*While the Doctor examines them, Capt. P. puts a "quarter" on the floor, near entrance.*) Poor fellow! your eyes are very bad, but rum is very injurious to them.

Moses. I don't drink any rum; I only take Plantation Bitters for my eyes.

Dr. B. I suppose we must exempt this man. You can go, sir.

Moses. You're a gentleman and a scholar, Doctor. Yes, sir! (*Moses toward the entrance, and stoops to pick up the "quarter."*)

Capt. P. Here, Moses Blinker, what's that?

Moses. A quarter, a silver quarter.

Capt. P. Then you saw that?

Moses. Saw it? Of course I dzaw it. I reckon a quarter in these times would dzopen any man's eyes.

Capt. P. Your eyesight improves.

Moses. Yes, sir! If you want to open the eyes of the blind, you just dzhow 'em a quarter. If that don't open their eyes, then their eyes can't be opened.

Capt. P. As your sight has been thus miraculously restored, I think you may be permitted to ventilate your patriotism in the natural way, by joining the army.

Moses. I dzont see it, Captain.

Capt. P. Well, you will see it, by the time you reach Long Island. Show him out, Corporal, and admit the next one.

(Enter ZEBEDEE MAKEPEACE, doubled up, holding on his sides.)

Dr. B. My poor man! What is the matter?

Zeb. Oh, doctor, it's desperate hard to have to git off of a sick bed to come up here.

Capt. P. What's the matter with you?

Zeb. My liver's out of place. Met with an accident ten year ago.

Capt. P. Indeed!

Zeb. Yes—Oh! (Both hands on right side.)

Capt. P. Well, tell us about it. You said your liver was out of place.

Zeb. Yes, I've been takin medicine for tew years naow, and I guess I've taken hard on tew a hoss load on't. I took e'en a most half a peck of camphene.

Dr. B. Camphene? Oh, morphine!

Zeb. Yes; then I took two dozen bottles of Doctor Guzzlebone's patent ventilating surrup. I was some better, but I got cold—

Capt. P. I see; you got into the draft, and that made you worse.

Dr. B. What about your liver?

Zeb. It's aout of place.

Dr. B. How do you know?

Zeb. The doctor said so.

Dr. B. Caused by an accident, you said. Explain how it was.

Zeb. Well, you see I fell off a hay maow onto a cart-stake. I run the cart-stake right threw my diagram (diaphragm—hands on the part).

Dr. B. Through your what?

Zeb. Threw my diagram; that's what the doctor called it.

Dr. B. Just so; I understand.

Zeb. That made a hole in the diagram, you see. Well, sir, my liver (puts his hands on lower part of chest)—the liver

belongs in here; you are a doctor, and you ought to know where it belongs.

Dr. B. Go on: I understand you.

Zeb. Well, sir, my liver dropped through that hole in the diagram, and naow it's down here (hands on right side, below false ribs). That's what's the matter.

Dr. B. (Laughing.) That's a very bad case.

Zeb. So my doctor said.

Dr. B. But I think you can be cured.

Zeb. Dew ye?

Dr. B. One General Devens, located upon Long Island, is the only physician I can recommend to you. He has excellent accommodations for such patients as you are.

Zeb. Oh! won't you exempt me?

Dr. B. Certainly not.

Capt. P. Take care of him, Corporal. (Corporal leads him off.)

(Enter DENNIS MULLEARY.)

Capt. P. Well, what is your business with us?

Dennis. Is'ht me bishness.

Capt. P. In other words, what do you want?

Dennis. I want to be excused, do ye mind? I don't belahng here; I wazh barhrn in Ireland, in the County of Killarny and the Parish of Ballony Fad.

Capt. P. Then you are a British subject.

Dennis. Is'ht a British soobject? Bad loock to that same! Pon me ward, thin, I'm not.

Capt. P. What are you, then?

Dennis. I'm an Irishman; ivery inch of me! Sure didn't I say I was barhrn in the County of Killarny, and the Parish of Ballony Fad? Wasn't me fadther an Irishman, and wasn't me mudther an Irishman? Didn't they both die in Ireland before I wazh barhrn? long life to 'em! And didn't I come out to this coodnatry when the praties got blach?

Capt. P. How long have you been in America?

Dennis. Siven years next Patrick's Day.

Capt. P. Have you been naturalized?

Dennis. Is'ht Dennis Mulleary! What would I be nashuralized for? Would I go paying me money away for the likes of that? Sorry one bit aiv it thin!

Capt. P. Haven't you taken out your first papers?

Dennis. What would I take out me foorsh't paherpers for? Would I throw me money into the say?

Capt. P. All right then, Dennis. I will make out your certificate of exemption. (*Writes at the table.*)

Dennis. Long life to your honor, thin!

Capt. P. By the way, Dennis, you look like a good Republican. I presume you voted for Mr. Lincoln at the last presidential election.

Dennis. Is'ht me? Would I give my vout for the blackgnard? Didn't he bring on thish war? and didn't he sind all the nayghers up here to take all the work away from honust min? Did Dennis Mulleary vout for sich a mahn? Faix, ye insoolt me mudther when ye say it.

Capt. P. But some of us made that mistake.

Dennis. So ye did; but Dennis Mulleary didn't make any such mishtake; (*shaking his head.*) No, *sur!* I didn't vout for him.

Capt. P. Mr. Lincoln is a very good man.

Dennis. Don't you belayve it!

Dr. B. I think you voted for him, Dennis?

Dennis. Is'ht me? Pon me soul, I did not, thin. Go way wid yees! What call had I to vout for a man that would turn the nayghers loose on the coodntry? (*Angrily.*) No, *sur!* I give my vout to

Douglas! And I'd do it again, if he wazhn't dead; long life to 'um!

Dr. B. You didn't vote for Douglas? (*deprecatingly.*)

Dennis. Pon my soul I did, thin. But don't be bodthering me; give me me paherpers, and let me go about me business.

Capt. P. Dennis, you were drafted, and you must serve your adopted country in this hour of her peril. If you can vote, you can fight.

Dennis. Go way wid yees, and give me me paherpers.

Capt. P. Corporal, put him out before we have a second edition of Donny-brook Fair here.

(*Capt. P. and Dr. B. walk to the front.*)

Capt. P. This is a very large, and very respectable audience.

Dr. B. Very large and very respectable.

Capt. P. Do you suppose there are any young men here, who would like to escape the draft?

Dr. B. Very likely there are some.

Capt. P. They have seen how unsuccessful the applicants for exemption have been on this occasion. As we have had considerable experience in this business, suppose we inform them how they may escape the draft.

Dr. B. With the greatest pleasure.

Capt. P. You are the surgeon; pray, tell them.

Dr. B. By volunteering. (*Ezeunt—music, Star Spangled Banner.*)

PRIMARY INSTRUCTION.

IV.

PERCEPTIVE EXERCISES; OR HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN READY AND ACCURATE OBSERVERS.

A PRIMARY teacher should be prepared to pursue a systematic course of exercises, for the purpose of developing and strengthening those powers of mind

which, in the order of nature, are first called into action. The lessons should be progressive in their character, and suited to the age and capacity of the children.

This naturally presupposes some preparation on the part of the instructor. What *are* the powers to be cultivated, and *how* shall they be developed, should be a theme of absorbing interest to every one who assumes the holy office of dealing with the immortal mind. With an *earnest* desire to benefit young teachers who have never given special attention to the subject of perceptive development, we present a general outline of a course upon different subjects suitable for primary schools, and, as far as time and space will permit, exhibit our plans of working out the details of each course.

FORM.

Order of Exercises:

1. Simple Perception of Form, including exercises in Imitation, Construction, and Drawing.

2. Exercises to develop more minute Observation, Language, and Drawing.

3. Exercises of Simple Comparison.

4. Direction of the Straight Line.

5. Idea of Angles developed.

Different kinds of Angles observed, named, and drawn.

6. Parallel Lines.

7. Description of the Square, with Drawing.

8. Description of the Oblong, with Drawing.

9. Description of the Triangle, with Drawing.

10. Description of the Rhomb, with Drawing.

11. Description of the Rhomboid, with Drawing.

12. Description of the Cylinder, with Drawing.

13. Description of the Cone, Cube, and Sphere.

To work out the details of the above course requires time, labor, and patience, on the part of the teacher. The exercises included under the division numbered 1, should not be hurried.

Apparatus for the lessons may be extemporized, if necessary. A box and chart of Forms will be found more convenient, however. A teacher can cut from common pasteboard several squares, oblongs, triangles, rings, rhombs, rhom-

boids, pentagons, hexagons, octagons, ovals, etc., for use. One of each of these forms may be sketched upon drawing-paper, to answer for a chart.

SKETCH OF A SIMPLE PERCEPTIVE EXERCISE.

The teacher having the forms mentioned upon a table before the class, may place one in the hands of several of the class, requesting each child to go to the table and find one *like* it. After the selections have been made, the children may arrange themselves in a line facing the pupils remaining in their seats, and each hold up the forms so that all may judge of the correctness of the choice. Other children will follow in succession selecting forms, others deciding as before.

The teacher must be animated and energetic herself, in order to keep as many of the class busy matching forms as possible, while all the others are engaged in observing those selected, and judging whether a correct choice has been made. It will depend almost entirely upon the teacher's spirit and manner, whether such exercises are interesting and beneficial to the majority of the class, or whether they degenerate into a monotonous, prosy *apology* for a lesson. As the children present the forms selected, the teacher will find it necessary to frame her questions in such a manner that they may be answered by a signal. Seeing that the attention of all the class is secured, she may say: All who think that these two forms are *just alike*, may raise their hands. Caution should be observed about allowing the children to respond to questions of this kind in a careless, indifferent manner. If the teacher does not exercise some ingenuity in this respect, and put her questions in a pointed manner, some will be very likely to respond mechanically; merely following others. If this habit is continued, it must have a pernicious effect upon the mind of the child.

This simple exercise, if conducted properly, may be repeated for several successive lessons from ten to fifteen minutes in length, daily, before it will become necessary to introduce some change.

SECOND SKETCH.

Several children may be sent to the table to find *two forms just alike*; let them present the forms, and let the others decide as before. While those at the table are engaged, others may be sent to point to objects in the room, of the same shape as some form given them. Commencing with the oblong, books and slates may be used, and the children requested to find something similar in shape. The class should be trained in this way until they will point very readily to doors, windows, panes of glass, tops of desks, etc., etc., and to any objects that may be square, triangular, or circular.

The exercises of the First Sketch may be repeated. They are only separated to afford a little variety for the succeeding lessons.

THIRD SKETCH.

Two children may have forms placed in their hands, and be sent to the chart to point to representations similar in form. Others observe and decide as before. All the exercises may be combined or given in the same lesson, and the class drilled upon them for some time.

It is generally desirable to change the subject as often as once a fortnight. It will be seen that these exercises assist the child in learning to read. The same power of mind is being cultivated that enables him to recognize words by their forms,

and we actually find that children learn to read more rapidly for having such training.

SIMPLE PERCEPTION AND IMITATION.

The class should be practiced in observing and imitating simple patterns formed with the blocks. The teacher will arrange two forms at first, as fancy may dictate, and request some to imitate the arrangement. All will observe and decide whether correct or not. Two weeks will not be too long to dwell on this part of the subject.

PRACTICE IN DRAWING.

The simpler forms may be presented at first, and the children encouraged to draw them. They will, of course, work slowly and awkwardly, but it is very important that beginners should commence young, if we expect them to sketch readily. Our pupils in the higher departments should be able to draw the outlines of common objects as readily as they form the letters of the alphabet. To accomplish this, children must have early and continued practice. It is the duty of the primary teacher to commence the work.

It will be noticed that the first division only, of our course, has thus far occupied our attention. A full elucidation of the whole subject, as indicated in the foregoing order of exercises, would fill a volume. In future articles, it will give us pleasure to present an outline of other topics.

FEMALE TEACHERS.

THE character and usefulness of a school must, of course, depend chiefly on the character and qualifications of the teacher, and for this reason the laws of the different States provide that teachers shall be examined and licensed before being employed in the public schools. Unfortunately, the examinations required by law are not always such as they should be, and, consequently, the evils resulting from the employment of inferior teachers are not, in all cases, avoided. In addition to the fact that examinations are often superficial, and sometimes ridiculous, may be men-

tioned the fact that large numbers of teachers enter upon the discharge of their duties without any examination whatever. But, besides these obvious hindrances to good schools, it is also worthy of notice, that the salary paid to teachers is not, as a general thing, sufficiently large to induce men of character and capacity to engage in our public schools; and thus it happens that where male teachers are employed, they are frequently persons who are willing to turn their hands to almost any thing as a means of temporary support. Let any one who may doubt this be reminded of

the fact that the salary paid to a great many male teachers does not exceed \$250 per annum, and he will not, perhaps, wonder at the slender qualifications of the men employed to teach, and that the business of teaching should be, so often, a simple farce.

To find an effectual remedy for the evils attending the employment of inferior teachers would be difficult, if not impossible; yet something can, doubtless, be done in this direction. With a view to this, inquiries have been made in different quarters as to the relative merits of male and female teachers, it being generally conceded that females are not entitled to as much compensation for their labor as males. By these inquiries it is ascertained that of an equal number of males and females employed as teachers, the majority, and a very large one, of successful instructors and disciplinarians, is composed of females. In a great number of cases where money enough is not raised in a district to maintain a school, during the entire year, and where the salary must be very small, and apportioned, perhaps, for the winter to a male, and for the summer to a female, we must expect, as a matter of course, to find men of very inferior abilities—men who do not devote themselves to teaching as a profession, but who simply resort to it as a temporary expedient. Teachers should be, in all cases, persons not only of unexceptionable habits, but of sound health and good intellectual endowments; and it would be very strange, indeed, if men possessing such requisites should devote themselves to the arduous and responsible business of teaching for the sum of \$250 or \$300 per annum, when there are so many ways by which industry and moderate talents can be far better rewarded.

Whether it be right or wrong, it is certainly true, that the labor of females does not command as great a reward, pecuniarily, as that of males, not only when that labor is in all respects as effective, but even when it is to be preferred, both on account of its quality, as well as on account of the superior qualifications of the party by whom it is performed. This is a matter worthy of consideration where rigid economy must be observed. But it is also true that experienced male teachers, who are fully qualified to govern a school and give instructions in the common branches of learning, cannot, as a general rule, be obtained for \$250 or \$300 a year, and it is equally true that females, possessing such requisites, can.

The notion that women cannot govern is overwhelmingly refuted by the experience of all ages. They were made to govern, and that, too, by the only means by which government can be permanently maintained, namely, by love, by affection, by kindness. The woman who is generously endowed with these qualities is as fully capable of governing as, nay, is better able to govern than, the man of harsh voice and angry aspect. The little children hang around her, anxious to know her wishes, and desirous of being first to please her; and the "great big boys," those terrors of pedagoguedom, on whom schoolmasters always look with trembling, speak to her in their blindest tones, and, with their more solid acquirements, receive from her lessons of gentleness, which will give beauty and character to their future career.

As a result of the inquiries instituted with reference to this subject, it may be very safely asserted that schoolmistresses at \$200 a year may be selected in preference to \$300 schoolmasters.

MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.

THE practicability of introducing the science of music into our public schools, and of making it one of the everyday branches taught, has for some years

past engaged so much of the attention of our prominent educators, and been discussed by so many of our leading educational journals, that there remains little

room for any thing to be said *pro* or *con* in regard to the subject; and as it would be difficult to add to what others have said, touching the methods to be employed to insure success, I shall merely attempt to relate something of my own experience in the introduction of the study into my own schools.

The first concise and instructive article on the subject, I remember to have read, was in a report of Horace Mann to the Board of Education of Massachusetts, in which he clearly set forth the requirements of the teacher, and endeavored to impress upon him the necessity of cultivating whatever musical talent he possessed, and, as a motive thereto, assured him that he would the better meet the wants of his awakened patrons, and secure to himself the more desirable situations, as these were ever at the command of the best qualified teachers. This report was widely circulated throughout New England, and wherever teachers profited by these hints, beneficial results immediately followed in the better discipline of the village schools, and the wider reputation of the teachers of the rural districts.

On entering upon the duties of a teacher, I determined to adopt the practice of singing daily at the opening and close of school; and if successful in this, I resolved to make use of my limited musical education in teaching my pupils the rudiments of the science. My first attempt was attended with a great many difficulties. The remote location and semi-barbaric state of the people composing my patrons, precluded the idea, at first, of my making any very great advancement in the common branches, much less the fine arts; but, being young and enthusiastic, I resolved "to try."

The school-houses in the section of country lying adjacent to the boundary line of Maine and Canada, are not so bountifully supplied with those "aids" to teaching which our city instructors deem so essential to the illustration of any given subject; consequently, the teacher of this benighted region is obliged to exercise his ingenuity to supply the deficiency. As I entered my school-room, the first article of furniture I missed was a blackboard. I could endure the sight of the seats in a cir-

cle, facing the wall, for that was a thing I could remedy with hammer and nails on the coming Saturday. But how to make a blackboard with the lumber and paint fourteen miles distant, at the nearest village, was a subject of considerable concern; but the Yankee woman is never at a loss for ways to supply her needs. After getting my little flock of eighteen, the children of five families, in order, examining their various text-books, assigning to each his lesson, and giving them all a pretty clear idea of what I should require at their hands in the way of deportment, punctuality, and good recitations, I asked if they had ever sung in school. With a queer, half-surprised look, the boldest ventured a "No, ma'am." I then said, "I shall teach you to sing, if you are good, obedient children;" at which a slight titter was audible among the larger boys. Dismissing them for the remainder of the day, I repaired to a lumberman's hut, and explained to him that I wanted a blackboard to assist me in teaching his boys. These same boys having preceded me, had informed the father that they were going to learn "music," at which the honest forester had ejaculated a depreciative "Pshaw." When I spoke of the blackboard, he looked up and said, "Look a here, young school ma'am, I want them boys to larn readin', ritin', and cipherin', and don't go to stuffin' inter their heads none o' yer city notions, for they are to chop their way through the world, and *music* ain't good for nothin' but for such curly-headed, lily-faced women like you to waste their time on." I saw that the latter part of his remark was intended as complimentary, though it seemed any thing else, so I was not abashed, but explained to him that the blackboard was not to teach music alone, but arithmetic and writing, and that it saved time in making clear to all in a class at once, what I would be obliged to show to each separately. This satisfied him, and taking his axe, he hewed from a log lying in the door-yard a board nearly three feet long, two feet wide, and about eight inches thick. Taking it to the school-room and placing it upon a block some three feet high, he said, "With a piece of charcoal, this will do for a substitute until I can

go to mill and get the stuff for a better," and it answered very well for a week, at the end of which time a good pine black-board was sent me by this noble old fellow. I could not be otherwise than delighted, for I felt I had conquered him, and could, without fear or trembling, teach his boys any thing I pleased. There is nothing so interests and draws the hearts of the patrons towards the teacher as the knowledge that they are essential to his, or her, comfort and usefulness.

The first music lesson I essayed to give was to a class of beginners in the Multiplication Table. I argued, this is practical and will not offend these sober lumbermen, and I will only teach it them by ear, which will require no more time than the repeating it without the tune. Thus I quieted my conscience for teaching a proscribed branch. When I commenced singing the song "Two times one are two, two times three are six," the silence was insufferable. I felt the eyes of these native critics upon me, and the blood mounted to my face, and I think their pity and love were excited. They did not laugh, but looked embarrassed, and presently one or two of the big boys joined in the chorus of "Five times five are twenty-five," which is sung to the familiar tune of "Yankee Doodle."

After having taught them several simple airs, I one day drew the G clef and scale upon the board, and explained its use. Next day, being dismal and rainy, I employed the half hour allotted to recess in teaching the letters upon the base and treble staff, and, a few days after, the notes and their names, at which there was some laughing, but I succeeded so well, and they remembered so admirably, that I sent fifty miles to the town of A—— and procured a dozen copies of the "Singing Bird," from which, before two months, they were able to sing quite readily any tune written in the key of C. There were some who had not good natural voices, and could, I am persuaded, never learn to sing well, notwithstanding the assertion of Mr. Mason that all children, from six to ten years of age, who are capable of learning to read, are capable of learning to sing.

I was quite satisfied with my labor in

that isolated region at the end of four months (their scholastic year); and these sturdy wood-cutters approvingly said, "The best school they ever had was the one in which the young woman taught their children to sing;" and I believe many a bleak winter's evening, during the snows and winds of that inhospitable season, has been made more cheerful by the music of those angels of the fireside. I felt confident that the seeds of a noble ambition to drink of the deeper springs of knowledge were there sown, which will yet spring up, and bear golden fruit. Those grand old woods will never be silent monitors over a happier school, or those forest birds listen with envy to sweeter songs, than the children sang on that closing day of school.

I have pursued a like course in my teaching, in the prairies of the West and in the Middle States, and sometimes have, out of my own funds, hired an instrument to facilitate the study, and have ever found that music is a wonderful power in disciplining a school. It harmonizes the discordant elements, and, as one of our good poets says—

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds.
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the heart replies.

Some eminent educator, I cannot now remember who, has said of music, "It is a moral means of great efficacy. Its practice promotes health; it disarms anger; softens rough and turbulent natures; socializes and brings the whole mind, as it were, into a state of fusion, from which condition the teacher can mould it into what form he will, as it cools and hardens."

Mr. Mason, in his "Musical Letters," tells us that in Germany music is taught in every institution of learning, and with the greatest fidelity. He describes the teachers as men whom God has made teachers, whose hearts are filled with the love of little children, and he also says a teacher cannot obtain a situation unless he understands, theoretically, the science of music.

In Prussia, M. Cousin, in his Report on Public Instruction, says, "Music is carried to a very high degree of cultivation. There are few students who have not a violin,

and many leave school very good organists and piano forte players."

Now, if music is so thoroughly taught in Germany and Prussia, why may it not be taught equally well in America? The means and the material are to be found here as well as any other country.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.

JULY, 1864.

VALUE OF READING TO YOUTH.

THE pursuit of knowledge is desirable as a means to make men rich, wise, and happy; yet, how few, comparatively, profit by it. One has no time, another has no ability; and thus a thousand excuses are made for neglecting the improvement of the immortal mind. It is difficult, in all cases, to account for this; but when we reflect that man is a creature of habit, we begin to perceive the secret of much of his apathy in regard to a matter of such vital importance. The mind may be as much under the dominion of habit as the senses. Its cravings or desires are equally subjects for cultivation. Reading may become a habit, and study may become a habit, just as indolence and listlessness may become habits. That the habit of reading may be, in some cases, so engrossing as to become positively injurious to every thing like great achievements, is, no doubt, true; but there is nothing good in this world that is not susceptible of abuse. Less danger is to be feared from the constant occupation of the mind with books, than from the utter neglect of them. There are individuals, and not a few, who never read a book, from the beginning of the year to its end. Many of these individuals know how to read, and are not regarded as positively ignorant; though the amount of knowledge which they possess is very small. Not unfrequently, these persons

are men of more than ordinary intellect, men who, if they would but take advantage of the precepts and experience of others, as found in books, might be far more useful than they are in the world, and even attain to eminence in their respective callings.

This utter disregard of the inestimable advantages to be derived from studying the works of those who, by their writings, have opened to the world every department of human knowledge, is due, generally, to habits and prejudices formed during the first years of life. The child is sent to school; he is taught to read and write; geography, grammar, and arithmetic, in the most repugnant forms in which they can be presented, are brought to his attention. No other books than those from which he is compelled to learn a tiresome task, are ever placed before his eyes; and he grows up without any habits of reading or study, and, in many cases, with a thorough dislike for every thing that bears the smallest resemblance to a book. To many this may seem incredible; but it is nevertheless too true—there are hundreds and thousands of men whose early training at school, and at home, has given them an aversion for books, which no subsequent experience has been sufficient to overcome; and, what is worse, the neglect, during youth, of these silent instructors, renders them more difficult of comprehension—in fact almost unintelligible in riper years.

There is no occupation in life in which others have not preceded us, and it is in books that we have the narratives of their experience. How much unnecessary work, then, may be avoided by ascertaining what has been done by those who have wrought before us in the various departments of human labor! This is a suggestion worthy of consideration; and, in connection with it, we see that due care should be taken to create in young persons a love of reading.

But, as in the formation of all habits, so in reading—the young must be carefully watched and instructed. Errors are,

however, very frequently committed by parents and teachers in their zeal to guard the minds of those under their care, against the influence of pernicious books. Some proscribe all works of fiction, and peremptorily deny the smallest indulgence in every thing of this character. Others do not go so far, but tolerate the writings of the old novelists, under the fanciful idea that whatever is old and regarded as standard, must be innocuous. Prohibitions of this kind are unwise, and very rarely, perhaps never, result in any good. The true way to deal with the young is to attract, is to lead—not to drive them. Let them be inspired with a desire to improve, and with a love for what is excellent. Let them see that their happiness, their pleasure, and their welfare, are, in every thing, consulted by those placed over them. Afford them recreation for the mind, which is just as essential as exercise is for the body.

To compel young persons to refrain from reading all works of fiction, is to deprive them of one source of comparatively innocent mental diversion, at the risk of driving them to others that may prove to be positively injurious. Young persons must have amusement, and a very large amount of it. It is the business of parents and guardians to provide this amusement, and to see that it be not only harmless, but profitable. Under proper direction, works of the fancy may be read with beneficial results. The most suitable place for them is the home circle, at hours when the members of the family assemble for social enjoyment; and, indeed, upon these occasions, very much may be done to cultivate a taste for healthful and valuable reading. It is proper to say here that parents who study the welfare of their children, will make home the most desirable place for them in the world; that here, at proper times, full liberty will be given to engage in all games and sports that may be tolerated with propriety anywhere.

It is to be lamented that so many households are poorly supplied with, nay, almost destitute of, books. This is an evil that should, and can, be remedied, and the most effective means to this end is the establishment of school libraries. There is not a school district in the land in which, with proper efforts, a library adapted to the wants of the people could not be formed. This is a labor that must devolve mainly upon teachers, and their enterprise and success in this direction will not only prove their devotion to the cause in which they are engaged, but will reward them by facilitating the work of instruction. This is one of the ways in which a teacher may confer a lasting benefit upon those among whom he is laboring; and we desire most earnestly to call their attention to it.

SCHOOL SUPERVISION.

SCHOOLS and school systems, like other human institutions, require supervision. Without it, they cannot prosper. With it, however, they *may* fail. The prosperity or failure will depend upon the *kind* of care and attention which they receive. All experience shows that faithful and intelligent supervision over any undertaking, is a great blessing. It is, in fact, *an essential element of success*. It breathes into the movement the breath of life, and it becomes a living soul. In all intelligent communities, and wherever education has made substantial progress, this is a recognized truth, a practical fact. And on the contrary, wherever this truth is ignored, there we find the schools in a languishing condition, and the public sentiment respecting them, in a state of apathy and indifference. The contrast presented by these two orders of things, is so marked and so manifest, that it is surprising that greater progress does not result from it, in the more rapid extension of the system of thorough and efficient supervision everywhere. The benefits arising from the operation of this principle are well illustra-

ted in nearly all of our cities, and on a larger scale in several of the leading States. In no instance will it be found that real prosperity is coincident with the absence of efficient supervision in educational affairs; and, on the other hand, it will be noted without exception, that those cities and States which have vigorously applied this great motive-power to their school machinery, are immensely in advance of all others. The reasons for this are obvious enough, it is true; and yet they do not seem to be appreciated as generally as they ought to be, or they would otherwise be more universally acted upon.

Wherever there is supervision that is active, efficient, and wise, there are better teachers, a more appreciative public sentiment, and a higher standard of excellence. There is a deeper sense of responsibility among teachers and pupils; there is an active yet generous rivalry between the schools. There is more organization, more unity and harmony of effort, and more energy of action in every part of the system. This is the uniform testimony of experience, both in the old world and the new; and it is high time that it should be acted upon more generally in this country, where education in its more comprehensive sense is a vital necessity.

Supervision is of two kinds: official and non-official. It is of the former that we now speak; not because of its superior importance *per se*, but on account of its greater efficiency *de facto*. Undoubtedly, the most effective method of looking after schools and school interests—after teachers and teaching—is that which invokes the active efforts of the parents, and which secures their actual and frequent presence in the school-room. But this plan, as a general thing, fails in practice. Parents will not visit the school, and will not trouble themselves very seriously about its affairs. Hence, official supervision becomes the more a necessity, and hence, also, the importance of making it as wise and effective as possible. But official supervision does not, of itself, guarantee thoroughness, un-

less it be coupled with a sense of accountability and responsibility. A Superintendent, a Board of Education, or a Board of Trustees, must be made to feel and know that he and they are watched, and that an account will be required of their stewardship. And just here is the practical difficulty. How to make this sense of responsibility a reality, so as to secure fidelity in the administration of affairs, is the question. There are too many officials who discharge their duties so formally, and with so little regard to the great interests intrusted to them, that their acts prove a curse rather than a blessing to the enterprises committed to their guardianship. They are too ignorant, or too indifferent and neglectful, or too timid, to labor with that unction which secures efficiency and success. Perhaps they are mere politicians, ambitious of further promotion, and hence too anxious to conciliate the favor of the multitude to peril their popularity by a faithful discharge of duty. Instances are numerous in which great interests suffer seriously, even if they do not perish, from the laxity of principle, or from the timidity of the supervisory power.

This whole subject will bear discussion. We are far from having reached the highest standard of efficiency in this matter. Indeed, the masses of the people have not yet been brought to recognize the necessity of supervision at all; but rather regard the school as a machine that is to be worked under a system of masterly inactivity in this respect. It is our purpose in future, to consider this important matter somewhat at length, and systematically, in the hope that our plans for school supervision may be both extended and perfected. There is great need, both of improvement and expansion in this direction.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore, never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

London, June, 1864.

Mr. Editor—The traveler who seeks for information concerning the system of school education in England, will find many obstacles in the path of his progress. These arise from two sources: the want of any classification of the schools, and the absence of Superintendents or Boards of Instruction, such as exist in the United States. The principal seminaries of learning are generally the offspring of private charity or personal effort. Each of these has certain peculiarities originating in the mind of its founder, or gradually adopted by acting principals as the result of experience. With the exception of certain academies in Scotland, and the lower class of parish schools in England, it is difficult to get access to the actual methods of instruction, without letters of introduction from high officials, or gentlemen of well-known influence as instructors.

Through the politeness of the American Ambassador and of several gentlemen at Cambridge, I was favored with letters to Rev. Dr. Jelf, Principal of King's College, London; Rev. Dr. Hawtrej, Head-master of Eton; through whose aid the various departments of Rugby, Eton, Christ's Hospital Charity School, and the George Heriot School, Edinburgh, were carefully inspected. I propose, my dear Sir, in this letter, to give you the results of these observations, hoping that the same may prove of interest and profit to our school system in the United States.

The first impression made by this survey, was, *the grand scale on which private munificence had provided for the wants of deserving youth*. No prouder monuments of posthumous fame could be erected to the memory of men, than the celebrated schools at Rugby, Eton, and Edinburgh. All that money can procure to give dignity to the position of a public instructor, or to furnish the student with the means of acquiring useful knowledge, is there found in the greatest profusion. As my attention was directed particularly to the public schools, the five largest and most interesting historically, at Winchester, Eton, Harrow

Westminster, and Rugby, were carefully studied. They are High Schools, or first-class academies, with funds equal to those of Harvard or Yale College, in the United States. Besides those institutions, the old Charter House School at London, the St. Paul's School, the "Schola Coletana," founded by John Colet, the friend of Erasmus, and outside of London, King Edward's Grammar School, at Shrewsbury, were kindly opened to me and thoroughly visited. All the above would be considered by Americans first-class academies preparatory to college, and compare favorably with the German Gymnasias, but with this important exception: that the object in the latter system of instruction is to prepare youth for the university courses, while the English school system is more liberal, and is designed for the various branches of practical life.

The resemblance of the great charity schools at London and Edinburgh, known as the Christ Hospital or blue-coat school—from the long dress of its beneficiaries—and the George Heriot and the George and John Watson schools, to the Gymnasias or "Real schule" of Prussia, is more clearly defined than the rest. These are not State schools, in the sense that the State provides for their wants, but simply guards their funds, and in return secures their best pupils for its various needs. Their funds have been accumulated during centuries, by donations from kings, bishops, or rich corporations. These funds are carefully invested, and then controlled by trustees generally appointed by the Government. These trustees appoint the director or principal, to whom is usually committed the oversight of the instruction, which includes the system of discipline, the plan of instruction, the choice of textbooks, the selection and removal of teachers. His position, though responsible, is generally permanent, and rendered pleasant by a large salary and a degree of respect and influence which rarely attends the post of an instructor in the United States. The meeting of the trustees, which occurs yearly at Rugby, is a sort of con-

ference devoted to the financial interests of the Institution. We have had two Institutions in New England, whose character resembles that of these great foundations in old England: Yale College, New Haven, where the Faculty control the Board of Instruction and the appointment of Professors; together with Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Of course, we have as the result such teachers as President Dwight and Rev. Samuel H. Taylor, LL. D., who compare favorably with Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. The simple reason is, they are permitted to remain long enough in their positions to achieve a reputation and acquire an influence; meanwhile the trustees devote all their energies to the securing of funds and pupils for the Institution.

Another impression which I received from the careful inspection of the English High Schools and Academies, was the general *air of permanence and beauty of style connected with the buildings used for instruction and the dormitories*. The school-houses are always built in an attractive form, generally of stone, and are designed to last for centuries. As at Oxford and Cambridge, there is nothing more worthy of admiration than the stately halls, with their churches and chapels, with their delightful gardens, shrubbery, and sloping swards, which render the abode of science and art a beautiful paradise—so the schools at Eton, Winchester, Harrow, and Rugby, have the finest buildings of the landscape, with their surrounding gardens and green playgrounds. On these, during the hours of recess, the eye observes the students, clad in their short, blue jackets, and white pantaloons, which is the prescribed dress of "scholars of the house." My friend, Dr. Schmitz, of the High School at Edinburgh, has one of the finest residences in the new town, in full view of Arthur's Seat, and other classic scenes famous in Walter Scott's works; while his school-building, near at hand, is a real palace, and without exception the finest building which I have seen. Such magnificence is practicable where the income has become so enormous, as in the case of King Edward's School, at Birmingham, whose receipts are \$60,000 a year, and whose director has a salary of

\$15,000. Notwithstanding the fact that many of these schools are on a charity foundation, they are frequented by the youth of all classes, from the noble families of the aristocracy, down through those of the gentry and merchants to the children of the humblest artisan. Wherever you see the scholars—on the playground, in the dining-hall, at the library, or in their study-rooms, or if perchance you meet them in the train, in company with their instructors during a vacation trip—the same impression is made on the spectator, that the best youth in the land are sent to these schools. There is always an aristocratic air, in the best sense of the word, about them. Their countenances have that fresh glow of the cheek: that open, frank expression, and the whole frame that light, yet firm step, which indicate the offspring of Norman blood. You are impressed with the simplicity and sincerity of character, which is above all forms of deception and falsehood. This desirable trait of character is largely owing to the fact that the family influence of early childhood is maintained over the pupil while at boarding-school. There is more of that affectionate personal intercourse between the instructor and those under his care, than is possible in the public school systems of Prussia and America. "*Leges sine moribus vanæ sunt*," is as true in the United States as in Rome; and unless family customs and family influence are felt in the process of education, a system of instruction, whether public or private, is a mere machine. Each youth in these large institutions of England, has that love of home, a particular feeling which binds him so closely to his parents or family friends, and which is cherished by his instructor as a safeguard against temptation. Hence the influence of the school is largely a home influence, and the scholars are considered parts of a family, of which the principal is the acknowledged head.

In succeeding letters, I propose to notice more distinctly the methods of instruction, the discipline and text-books. Hoping that these observations will be of use to the cause of education through your excellent

Journal, I am, yours sincerely,

H. E. D.

EDUCATIONAL INTELLIGENCE.

SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.*

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Dist's.</i>	<i>Names.</i>	<i>Post Offices.</i>
Albany	1.	John C. Nott.....	Albany.
	2.	Zebadiah A. Dyer.....	East Berne.
	3.	John P. Witbeck.....	West Troy.
Alleghany.....	1.	Charles L. Brundage.....	Angelica.
	2.	Walter D. Renwick.....	Belmont.
Broome.....	1.	James N. Lee.....	Binghamton.
	2.	William W. Elliott.....	"
Cattaraugus.....	1.	Thomas Edgerton.....	Alleghany.
	2.	George A. Gladden.....	Napoli.
Cayuga.....	1.	Israel Wilkinson.....	Meridian.
	2.	William G. Ellery.....	Owasco.
	3.	Archibald McIntosh, Jr.....	Locke.
Chataugue.....	1.	Charles Hathaway.....	Westfield.
	2.	James McNaughton.....	Gerry.
Chemung.....		Isaac S. Marshall.....	Horseheads.
Chenango.....	1.	Bolivar Bisbee.....	East Pharsalia.
	2.	Henry Green.....	Coventryville.
Clinton.....	1.	Levi Smith.....	Plattsburgh.
	2.	Royal Corbin.....	Rouse's Point.
Columbia.....	1.	Hartwill Reynolds.....	Ancram Lead Mines.
	2.	David G. Woodin.....	Valatie.
Cortland.....	1.	Daniel E. Whitmore.....	Marathon.
	2.	Lyman Pierce.....	Truxton.
Delaware.....	1.	Hobart M. Cable.....	Masonville.
	2.	O. Rice Bouton.....	Roxbury.
Dutchess.....	1.	Augustus A. Brush.....	Fishkill Plains.
	2.	Wright D. Lattin.....	Clinton Corners.
Erie.....	1.	Buradore Wiltse.....	Clarence Center.
	2.	Thomas J. Powers.....	Hamburg.
	3.	Henry S. Stebbins.....	Gowanda, Catt. Co.
Essex.....	1.	Isaac D. Newell.....	Jay.
	2.	Bovett B. Bishop.....	Moriah.
Franklin.....	1.	Sidney P. Bates.....	Malone.
	2.	George W. Lewis.....	Dickinson.
Fulton.....		Lucius F. Burr.....	Broadalbin.
Genesee.....		Daniel C. Rumsey.....	Batavia.
Greene.....	1.	Samuel S. Mulford.....	Tannersville.
	2.	George C. Mott.....	Acra.
Hamilton.....		Charles S. Smith.....	Hope Falls.
Herkimer.....	1.	Morrell D. Beckwith.....	Brockett's Bridge.
	2.	Oliver B. Beals.....	Cedarville.
Jefferson.....	1.	George A. Ranney.....	Dexter.
	2.	Samuel D. Barr.....	Watertown.
	3.	George H. Strough.....	Lafargeville.
Kings.....		Frederick C. Demund.....	New Utrecht

* Last month we gave a list of State Superintendents. We now give the School Commissioners of New York, together with the Superintendents of cities of New York. Next month we shall give the School-officers of counties in New Jersey or Pennsylvania, and so continue until we shall have given the names and addresses of all the School-officers in the States.

<i>Counties.</i>	<i>Dist's.</i>	<i>Names.</i>	<i>Post Offices.</i>
Lewis.....	1.	Henry C. Northam.....	Port Leyden.
	2.	Elbridge R. Adams.....	Lowville.
Livingston.....	1.	S. Arnold Tozer.....	Moscow.
	2.	Isaac C. Lusk.....	Dansville.
Madison.....	1.	Harrison Burgess.....	Erieville.
	2.	Hiram L. Rockwell.....	Munnsville.
Monroe.....	1.	Luther Curtice.....	Webster.
	2.	Joseph A. Tozier.....	Clarkson.
Montgomery.....		Thomas Ireland.....	Canajoharie.
Niagara.....	1.	Julius F. H. Miller.....	Lockport.
	2.	Ralph Stockwell.....	East Wilson.
Oneida.....	1.	Harvey E. Wilcox.....	Floyd.
	2.	Charles T. Pooler.....	Deansville.
	3.	Joshua H. Tracey.....	Camden.
	4.	Merritt N. Capron.....	W. Leyden, Lewis Co.
Onondaga.....	1.	L. Harrison Cheney.....	Baldwinsville.
	2.	Elisha P. Howe.....	Marcellus.
	3.	Benjamin S. Gregory.....	Jamesville.
Ontario.....	1.	Jacob A. Wader.....	Orleans.
	2.	Gilbert W. Sutphen.....	Canandaigua.
Orange.....	1.	George K. Smith.....	Monroe.
	2.	John J. Barr.....	Goshen.
Orleans.....		Marcus H. Phillips.....	Hulberton.
Oswego.....	1.	James W. Parkhurst.....	Scriba.
	2.	Newton W. Nutting.....	Parish.
	3.	William S. Goodell.....	Mexico.
Otsego.....	1.	Julius R. Thompson.....	Cooperstown.
	2.	Benjamin C. Gardner.....	New Lisbon.
Putnam.....		William Towasend 2d.....	Brewster's.
Queens.....	1.	Charles W. Brown.....	Flushing.
	2.	William D. Wood.....	Jamaica.
Rensselaer.....	1.	James C. Comstock.....	Lansingburgh.
	2.	William L. Cottrell.....	Poestenkill.
Richmond.....		Isaac Lea.....	Stapleton.
Rockland.....		Nicholas C. Blauvelt.....	Spring Valley.
St. Lawrence.....	1.	Martin L. Laughlin.....	Hammond.
	2.	Clark Baker.....	Hermon.
	3.	Barney Whitney.....	Lawrenceville.
Saratoga.....	1.	Thomas McKindley.....	Charlton.
	2.	Henry Wilcox, Jr.....	Saratoga Springs.
Schenectady.....		Nelson T. Van Natta.....	Braman's Corners.
Schoharie.....	1.	Bartholomew Becker.....	Middleburgh.
	2.	Augustus C. Smith.....	Cobleskill.
Schuyler.....		Lauren G. Thomas.....	North Reading.
Seneca.....		Isaac Runyan.....	Ovid.
Steuben.....	1.	Eli H. Brown.....	Hammondsport.
	2.	William M. Sherwood.....	Woodhull.
	3.	Albert T. Parkhill.....	Howard.
Suffolk.....	1.	Cordello D. Elmer.....	Greenport.
	2.	Thomas S. Mount.....	Stony Brook.
Sullivan.....		Albert Stage.....	Lumberland.
Tioga.....		Andrew J. Lang.....	Waverly.
Tompkins.....		Alviras Snyder.....	Etna.
Ulster.....	1.	Edward Eltinge.....	Kingston.

Counties.	Dist's.	Names.	Post Offices.
Ulster.....	2.	John J. Woodward.....	Rosendale.
	3.	John W. Young.....	Accord.
Warren.....		Luther A. Arnold.....	Glens Falls.
Washington.....	1.	David V. T. Qua.....	Shushan.
	2.	Thomas S. Whitmore.....	Fort Ann.
Wayne.....	1.	Thomas Robinson.....	Rose.
	2.	Jefferson Sherman.....	Marion.
Westchester.....		William Miller.....	Mount Vernon.
		Isaac D. Vermilye.....	Armonk.
		Henry A. Wells.....	Peekskill.
Wyoming.....	1.	Edward F. Chaffee.....	Attica.
	2.	William W. Bean.....	Pike.
Yates.....		George P. Lord.....	Dundee.

SUPERINTENDENTS OF CITIES IN NEW YORK STATE.

Cities.	Names.
Albany.....	John Hurdis (Sec. B'd of Educat'n).
Anbarn.....	C. P. Williams.
Brooklyn.....	J. W. Bulkley.
Buffalo.....	Henry A. Garvin.
Hudson.....	James N. Townsends.
New York.....	S. S. Randall.
Oswego.....	E. A. Sheldon.
Poughkeepsie.....	G. C. Burnap (Pres. B'd of Educat'n).
Rochester.....	D. Hoibrook.
Schenectady.....	E. A. Charlton.
Syracuse.....	Charles E. Stevens.
Troy.....	E. Danforth.
Utica.....	D. S. Heffron.

EDUCATIONAL MEETINGS.—The Ohio State Teachers' Association will be held at Toledo, Ohio, on the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th days of July. Chas. S. Royce, Esq., Norwalk, Ohio, President.

The New York State Teachers' Association will be held at Buffalo, New York, August 2d, 3d, and 4th. Prof. James B. Thomson, New York, President.

The American Institute of Instruction will be held at Portland, Maine, August 16th, 17th, and 18th. Prof. Chas. Northend, New Britain, Conn., President.

SCIENTIFIC.

MAGNESIUM A SOURCE OF LIGHT.—About two years ago Bunsen announced that, when ignited, magnesium burns with a brilliant flame, the intensity of which, as determined by Bunsen and Roscoe, in one of their photo-chemical researches, is only five hundred and twenty-five times less brilliant than that of the sun. As compared with candles a piece of magnesium wire, 0.0394 of an inch in diameter, gave as much light as seventy-five stearine candles, five to the pound. To support this light for one minute, a piece of wire of the diameter mentioned, and 0.14 of an inch long, weighing about two grains, was required. It was burned by an ordinary alcohol lamp. During further researches the same gentlemen ascertained that the photographic power of this light was only 36.6 times less than that of the sun, and therefore suggested the possibility of its use at some future time in photography.

We perceive by one of the foreign journals that their expectations have been fulfilled; and that, by the aid of this light, photographs have been taken very successfully. Fifteen grains of wire were required to sustain the light for one minute. At the distance of eight feet from the sitter a negative was obtained, equal to any obtained from sunlight. The cost of magnesium, under the new process of separation, is comparatively trifling, being about eight dollars per ounce.

NYCTALOPIA.—Prof. Hind, of Toronto, has published some curious details concerning this strange disease, "the night blindness," prevalent among the Nashquapee or Montagnais Indians. The sufferers from this affliction can see perfectly well as long as the sun is up, but become wholly or nearly sightless from sunset until dawn. No artificial light is of the least service.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MODÈLES CLASSIQUES DE CONVERSATION

FAMILIÈRE, Tirés des Meilleurs Auteurs Dramatiques Français de nos Jours, etc. Ouvrage éminemment utile aux étudiants de la langue, offrant aussi une lecture récréative et amusante à ceux qui savent déjà bien le Français. Par E. M. LADREY. Boston: S. R. Urbino, Crosby & Nichols. New York: Blakeman & Mason, Fr. W. Christern. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1864. Nos. 1 and 2.

In an introduction upon the "Character and Design of this Work," the author informs us, in decidedly unique English, of the many advantages to be gained by a student desiring to learn French, from the use of these "Models of Classic Conversation." And, in the main, we agree with him. By making selections from the best authors, and weaving them into interesting reading-matter, he has rendered the acquisition of the idioms of the language; usually so hard-to master, easy and delightful.

SCHOOL ECONOMY. A Treatise on the Preparation, Organization, Employments, Government, and Authorities of Schools. By JAMES PYLE WICKERSHAM, A. M., Principal of the Pennsylvania State Normal School, Millersville, Pa. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co., 1864.

A very thorough presentation of many good, though not particularly original thoughts, upon vastly important subjects. In some parts of the country, such a book is greatly needed. Too many communities are quite contented with their dilapidated old school-house, and are utterly indifferent to the system and methods of instruction carried on there. If such treatises as this could be freely circulated among them, they might be made to understand that a true education is a priceless boon, which cannot be had without great pains bestowed upon every thing relating to the school—its house, location, grounds, internal arrangements, apparatus; the teacher—his methods of imparting knowledge, his moral character, influence, discipline; the studies of the pupil—his capacities, health, etc., etc. These, and a hundred other matters, are carefully arranged and well considered by Mr. Wickersham. We cannot forbear quoting what he says about "Beauty of Location." It is in such direct contrast to the public sentiment of the last generation, which found expression almost invariably in a little, low, red school-house, standing immediately on the road, and without a tree around it to shield it from the blazing sun, or screen it from the

dust. "A school-house so situated," says he, "that the children who frequent it can look out in all directions upon scenes of romantic wildness or quiet beauty, will teach many lessons better than they can be learned from books. We are taught unconsciously by the objects that surround us; and towering mountains and peaceful valleys, golden grain and shaded forests, rough, wild rocks and pleasant gardens, villages dotting the neighboring plains and vessels gliding along the distant river—all have truth for the intellect and beauty for the heart. Scenes like these leave upon the susceptible mind of a child a deep impression. Accustomed to look upon the beautiful in nature, he will learn to appreciate the beautiful in life. Thus instructed, he will be more apt to shun the low and the groveling, the profane and the vulgar, and to exemplify the sentiment, 'How near to what is good, is what is fair.'"

THE MANUAL OF CALISTHENICS: A Systematic Drill-Book *without Apparatus*, for Schools, Families, and Gymnasiums. Illustrated from Original Designs, with Music to accompany the Exercises. By J. MADISON WATSON. New York and Philadelphia: Schermerhorn, Bancroft & Co. Chicago: Geo. & C. W. Sherwood. One volume 8vo, tinted paper, 144 pp.

This most beautiful, interesting, and useful work, will supply a demand that has long existed among experienced and successful educators, for a comprehensive Drill-Book, of moderate size and price, which shall furnish a well-devised and regulated course of physical training, sufficiently extended and varied to insure a perpetual interest in schools. Although it is taken almost wholly from "WATSON'S HAND-BOOK OF CALISTHENICS AND GYMNASICS," such changes and additions have been made as render it complete in itself.

The introductory directions, rules, and explanations, as well as the descriptions of positions and classes of movements generally, are so simple, clear, and explicit, that they may be readily understood by the most ordinary reader. All modes of marking time in connection with the movements, are given, including vocal and musical varieties.

The choice selections of *Piano-forte Music*, so liberally introduced, are richly worth the price of the book.

As the exercises are executed without apparatus, they may be employed by both sexes, in all places, and by persons of all ages and degrees of strength. We should judge that they would be regarded by the young as real amusement and relaxation, rather than a part of their daily tasks.

Practiced habitually and energetically in youth, they can not fail to be attended with the happiest results. The paper, printing, illustrations, and mechanical execution generally, are truly excellent.

SLATE DRAWING-BOOKS. In Six Parts. Published by Fisher & Brother. Philadelphia and Baltimore.

A very pretty series of sketches, imitating chalk upon a black ground. In the days of our own childhood, with what delight would we have seized upon a set of books like these; and how much whispering in school, whittling of desk covers, and punishment consequent thereupon, would have been spared us! Drawing is a matter that is too much neglected in all our schools; for the reason, perhaps, that teachers so generally know nothing about it themselves. It is a great pity that this should be the case, especially as a taste and aptness for it may be cultivated in almost every child. It is not expected to make artists in our public schools, nor is it desirable to give a great deal of time to the subject of drawing; but it is important to cultivate the eye and the hand to some extent in this direction, and, for this purpose, we commend the series of books before us to the consideration of teachers. Let them be placed in the hands of children, and very little additional instruction will be needed in order to give them ease in the use of the pencil.

THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S GARLAND. A Selection of Poetry, in Four Parts, by Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND. First and Second Series. New York: Charles Scribner.

These two volumes are formed chiefly from the productions of the most distinguished English and American poets, and are intended to cultivate in the young a taste for what is good and beautiful. The selections have been made with great judgment. The compiler has not been happy in selecting a title for these volumes. The object which she had in view in preparing them might be attained, equally well, had they a name which did not appear to limit them to so small a class of readers. They really form a household garland; and should lie, convenient to the hand, in every sitting-room, to be read by every member of the family, male and female, old and young.

L'INSTRUCTEUR DE L'ENFANCE. A First Book for Children (studying the French). By L. BONCEUR. Boston: S. R. Urbino. New York: F. W. Christern.

There is no royal road to knowledge. In the study of the French, or of any other language, it must be, as the author of this little book very properly observes, "line upon line, and precept upon precept." Study may

be made a pleasing duty, and every department of science may be rendered attractive; but the labor requisite to thorough learning can not be materially diminished, as some persons imagine, by the devices of book-makers. French in Six Lessons—Latin without a Master—Greek without a Dictionary—and all books of this kind, produce pleasing anticipations, which are, no doubt, worth the money that the books cost, but beyond this, they are of little value. The book before us does not pretend to make the acquisition of the French language a whit easier than it really is; but it presents the matter in a very pleasing and simple way to children, and is worthy of the perusal of all who are interested in this study, either as teachers or pupils.

THE FERRY-BOY AND THE FINANCIER. By a Contributor to the "*Atlantic*." Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This is one of a number of very pleasing and instructive books for the young, published by the above-named house. It is a narrative of the early life of the present Secretary of the Treasury, whose name is so familiar to every one, and whose power is felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. As such, it must be interesting to every one, and is, in fact, having a very wide circulation.

LA VIEILLE COUSINE; par E. Souvestre. **LA POUDRE AUX YEUX;** par MM. Labiche et Edouard Martin. **LA BATAILLE DE DAMES;** par MM. Scribe et Legouvé. **LES PETITS OISEAUX;** par MM. Labiche et Delacour. **LA PETITE MAMAN;** par Madame De M—. **LE BRACELET;** par Madame De Gaule. With English Notes. Boston: S. R. Urbino. New York: F. W. Christern. Philadelphia: F. Leopoldt.

These are modern French plays, selected and published with English notes, for the use of students in the French language. Some of them are well worth reading; others are not; but for the purpose intended, and especially for the use of young persons, the selections are very good.

ARITHMETICAL EXAMPLES, published by Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co., New York, is a new book, just added to Robinson's Mathematical Series. The book contains over fifteen hundred carefully prepared practical examples, promiscuously arranged, and without answers, involving the application of all the principles and ordinary operations of arithmetic, designed to thoroughly test the student's judgment, and his knowledge of arithmetical rules and processes.

The most noticeable feature of this work, is, the *practical character* of the examples,

and the large amount of *facts, statistics, and information*, of recent date, which are combined, and form the data in a large proportion of these examples.

This work is not designed for beginners, but for those who have acquired at least a partial knowledge of the theory and applications of numbers from some other work; and it may be used in connection with any other book, or series of books, on this subject.

An edition is printed *exclusively for teachers*, containing the answers at the close of the book, and when a supply is ordered for a *class*, the edition *without* answers will be sent, unless by special request the other is desired.

THE STUDENT AND SCHOOL-MATE, for June, contains Trials and Triumphs, Chapter V.; Step by Step, or Earth's Changes; The Kingliest Kings, a poem; You Never Will, if you Never Try; Jemmy Duncan's First Lie; The Dying Soldier; Curious Trees in Africa; Have Patience, a poem; The Burial at Gettysburg, with figures to show positions in Declamation; Humors of the Draft, a Dialogue, last part; Teacher's Desk; Soft in the Morning Dew, with music.

This Monthly is really invaluable to the teacher and pupil. Price, one dollar per annum. Specimen number, ten cents. It will be sent with the AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY, for one year, on receipt of \$1.50.

THACKERAY THE HUMOURIST, AND THE MAN OF LETTERS. The Story of his Life and Literary Labours, including a Selection from his Characteristic Speeches, now for the first time gathered together. By THEODORE TAYLOR, Esq., *Membre de la Société des gens de Lettres*. To which is added, In Memoriam, by Charles Dickens, and a Sketch, by Anthony Trollope. With portrait and illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

This book seems to realize very fairly the intention of the writer as expressed in the Preface, viz.: to fill "an intermediate place between the newspaper or review article and the more elaborate biography which may be expected in due course." It does not, however, tell us very much more about Thackeray than what might be gathered from the newspaper articles that appeared at the time of his death; nor does it display

any really able criticisms of the great author's works. An explanation of this latter point may perhaps be found in the limited space to which Mr. Taylor proposed to confine himself; or in the haste of preparation; or, as is more likely, in both. The following looks like a hastily constructed sentence: "He has continually described his experience at this celebrated school,—the venerable archway into which, in Charter-house square, still preserves an interesting token of the old monkish character of the neighborhood," p. 11. As a whole, the volume is entertaining enough, and, as bringing into a condensed form all that is at present known of Thackeray's life and work, will be valuable until the "more elaborate biography" appears. Is it not queer that the "Pencil Sketches of English Society," were among the *rejected* contributions to the *New Monthly Magazine*, and that these very "Sketches" should afterward have been recast and published as "Vanity Fair,"—the book which drew Thackeray from obscurity, and established his reputation as a first-class novelist!

MY CAVE LIFE IN VICKSBURG. With Letters of Trial and Travel. By a Lady. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

A clear and interesting, but not very powerfully written narrative, of what a rebel officer's wife experienced during one of the most memorable sieges of modern times. A heroic woman (we prefer this term to that of "lady"), seems to be as self-possessed and fearless amid all the horrors of war, as her brethren of the "sterner sex;" and she is certainly capable of telling in chaste style her own eventful story, in which are woven a mass of interesting particulars, not to be found even in the voluminous correspondence of the press. The following is an account of the singular manner in which a rebel courier conveyed letters into the besieged town: "Taking a skiff in the Yazoo, he proceeded to its confluence with the Mississippi, where he tied the little boat, entered the woods, and awaited the night. At dark, he took off his clothing, placed his dispatches securely within them, bound the package firmly to a plank, and going into the river, he sustained his head above the water by holding to the plank, and, in this manner, floated in the darkness through the fleet, and on two miles down the river to Vicksburg, where his arrival was hailed as an event of great importance, in the still life of the city."